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CATARRH
THE POSITIVE CURE.
ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

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Maybe you think this is a new business: sending out babies on application; it has been done before, however, but never have those furnished been so near the original samples as this one. Everyone will exclaim, "Well, that's the sweetest baby I ever saw!" This little black-and-white engraving can give you but a faint idea of the exquisite original.

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Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the
preparation of
W. Baker & Co.'s
Breakfast Cocoa,
which is absolutely pure
and soluble.
It has more than three times the strength
of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot
or Sugar, and is far more economical,
costing less than one cent a cup. It
is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY
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illet Soaps, Etc.
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VE CURE.
New York. Price 50 cts.



THE
CURE FOR
CATARRH
SOLD EVERY
WHERE
LIVER
FRESH
SALAM
50c

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AT
BEDTIME
I TAKE
A
PLEASANT
HERB
DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND
NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.
My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach,
liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. The
constipation is cured, and it is prepared for
any country or season. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE
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IN HIDDEN WAYS.
 Stronger is it that the sweetest thing
 Forever is that they are thy song
 The sweeter song the swifter wing
 Ere thou the singer sprest.

The more the fragrance in the rose
 The more it hides a blushing;
 And when with love a maiden glows
 The more her face is flushing.

In depths of night in gloomy mine,
 In windwood streams—in stories
 Of lowly lives, unname—there shines
 The world's divinest glories.

As low arbutea blossoms rest
 In modesty unbidden,
 So man and nature hide their best,

THE ENEMY SHE LOVED.

"If I thought a daughter of mine would so much as touch a hated German's hand, I would swear she had been changed in her cradle!" So spoke Jules Eavart in a hoarse breath, just before the siege of Paris had begun—breath kindled by the news brought him by the gun-shrinking before his anger—the news that one of his schoolmates and the child of an old neighbor had absolutely been married, the day previous, to a young German officer, bearing active arms against the country of his newly-made wife. All through the day old Jules kept muttering to himself; at nightfall he called his little Olive to him.

"Women are strange beings," he began, as if to relieve his mind of a load which was weighing upon it; "and perhaps I've no right to be here you are of different stuff from the rest. These are uncertain times, we're in, too. I want you Olive to make me a solemn promise; may I ask more, to kneel beside me and make a solemn oath. Kneel, my girl—kneel!"

"Now raise your hand, and swear that you will never marry a man who cannot boast French blood in his veins!"

Solemnly the girl swore. The old man smiled triumphantly as he bent and kissed the long, shining black braids wound about the little head.

"I'm ready now," he said.

Within a week the siege of Paris had begun. Within a month the child of Jules Favart, who had enlisted, was orphaned. A German bullet had stilled forever the heart so loyal to France.

For a time Olive was stunned. No one found opportunity to sympathize with her grief, for she was around and about her every one was

Every house bore some badge of mourning. Every heart carried its own burden.

But sorer days were in store for Paris—days when the German streets, and spoke their hated language in loud, triumphant accents.

On a party of these Olive stumbled one evening as she hastened home. They were common soldieries and had a pretty face, from which she had thrown back her veil of rapture attracted them. Instantly two of them approached her, addressing her in insulting praise in her own tongue.

She hastily drew down her veil, but one bolder than the rest raised his hand to again uplift it. Scarcely

"Ah!" she interrupted, "do you leave our fathers and our brothers to No! I have been to the hospital caring for the poor men who must be spared to their daughters and

their sisters. As for me, you have already taken from me my all."

And she moved quickly away, and if the conversation were at an end, but the young officer kept pace beside her.

"Pardon me," he said, "but you are too young and too pretty to pass through Paris unmolested. You must hate me as your foe, but you must let me guard you to your home, even though you hate me the more."

"There is no need," she replied. "I go every day to the hospital, and every day at this hour of the day, or every little earlier, I must return."

A shadow, and then a light swept over the young man's face.

"I am stationed so near here that if you will permit me, every night I will be your escort."

"I would rather die than accept kindness from your hands, or those of any of your blood!" she answered, hotly—"you, who are my dear father's murderers!"

And as she spoke the last word

MEDICINE


you need help, when pimples, rashes, and eruptions begin to appear. Your body's immune system is looking after that. You'll have graver matters than pimples to deal with, if you neglect it.

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thing I hang
on to it. **JOLLY**
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JACKSON, Michican

Coronet Corset Co.,

paused before a gate, which the surgeon hastily opened for her admittance, and which instantly swung to behind her.

But alone in her own room, Olive resumed. Singularly enough, she could recall every feature of the surgeon officer's face—a face which seemed to her to realize some dream of manly beauty; the echo of his voice lingered in her ear—a voice, low and rich and musical—musical even when he had sternly addressed the soldiers in his own guttural tongue. All the next day she was haunted again among the wounded.

When evening came she hastened homeward, but with new dread, now sinking, until, looking behind her, she saw following her, her protector of the night before.

Until the gate again closed behind her, he let but that little distance intervene between them.

The hot blood mounted to her face, and yet an instinctive sense of care and protection mingled with that she named his presumption.

Ever night after, it was the same, earlier or later, as she might chance to be, was near her, nor left her safe within her own home. One night he approached her.

"There will be fighting to-morrow," he said. "I cannot be here with you. You must not go out alone. Promise me you will not."

For a moment she was almost tempted into forgetfulness that he was a German. For a moment she was almost tempted to answer—"promise!" then she recovered herself, and turned hotly and indignantly upon him.

"Pass my word to you!" she said.

"To you, my enemy—the enemy whom I hate!"

"And you, my enemy, are the enemy I love!" he replied. "Why should I love a woman to whom I have spoken scarce twenty words in my life, and who has answered me with scorn and contempt always?"

"I know not. Some strange freak of fate, perhaps, but so it is. I may out to-morrow to meet death."

"I should, doubtless you will nevertheless know that thus France has engaged herself; but I should like to feel you sometimes gave me one word and thought, even as my last thought, living or dying, will be of the one woman who gave me a promise for a heart I offered her. But, heaven's sake promise me you will not go out alone to-morrow, nor let me have the added torture that you are in peril."

They had reached the gate ere this. Her hand on the bell, she opened her lips, meaning to rebuke him, instead, the two simple words, "I promise!" alone emanated from them in a low and thrilling whisper.

Before she had divined his intention, he had caught in his little curved fingers and raised them to his lips. The next moment the gate swung to between them, and he, flying to her own room, had hidden herself in a burst of bitter tears on the bed.

He was a German, and she hated him.

Three days after she paused before two surgeons in earnest consultation.

"There's but one way to save him," said one. "It's an ugly wound, but he's sinking from loss of blood. We could get some one to submit to transfusion, I think he would recover."

"Impossible!" answered the other.

And Olive passed on into the bedroom room where lay the sufferer, and paused beside the cot. He was pale, white and insensible, upon the pillow, his head bound in blood-stained bandages; but, all changed when he was, she recognized him, and fell, with a low cry beside him.

To her he was nameless, but he was as the German whom she—hated, the man whom she—loved.

Ah, at that moment she knew the truth, and then she remembered the surgeon's words. They were about to separate when she returned to him.

"You said transfusion would save him," she said, "I am strong and I am ready."

And she rolled back her sleeve, and disclosed her bare, white arm, with its dimly-outlined blue veins.

A little while the physicians deferred, but it was a new experiment in science, and in the end she had her way.

She did not even shudder as the sharp lancet penetrated her vein, and the faintness which crept over her—the deadly faintness—as the blood poured from her veins into the glass was ecstasy; for though to her it might mean death, to him it was life—her life for his.

She swooned before the operation was completed, and days passed before she could rally even to know that her sacrifice had not been in vain.

But the terrible days were over. When Olive was allowed to once more resume her role as nurse—her father was still in need of all her care; but when she stood once again beside him he looked at her with wide-open, conscious eyes, in which, as she recognized her

came a look of ineffable happiness. "My love!" he murmured, and he fell asleep, with her hand pressed tight in his.

Through long weeks she nursed—weeks which taught her that her future must be wretched—since her promise to her dearest forbade that he should share it.

But one evening, as they sat together in the twilight, he spoke of his convalescent now, he spoke of her, as in low, endearing accents, and asked her to be his wife.

Amid bitter sobs she told him all her mind, and hid her face between her hands. But he gently drew them up, and, drew her head upon her breast.

"My own," he said, "your sacrifice has borne its fruit. Your husband must boast French blood in his veins, forsooth! Have I, then, care in mine? Did you not mince with me—the very—the very od of Jules Favart himself? Ah, yes, keep your vow to your dearest, and keeping it, give yourself to me!"

In silent rapture, Olive listened to the words; but, as her arms closed themselves about his neck, she knew that he had won his cause, and that she had gone over forever to the enemy she loved.

A Floating Settlement.

Memphiss counts among its citizens as a large number of people who never live upon any land, but occupy a floating settlement of pleasure-boats. The boats are sometimes named, and many of them are finely painted, and show signs of comfortable furnishings, judging from lace curtains at the windows and pictures to be seen hanging on the walls of the interior. The settlement is made up of representatives from twenty odd States drained by Mississippi and its tributaries. Crossed side by side 150 boats were pointed by the writer, who learned that some of the families began their migration of the river as far north as Montana. It is not a fixed population, for, although most of the boats have been anchored at Memphis a long time, the absence of one of the families is noted now and then, and the inquirer is told that the head of the house has changed his habitat to New Orleans or some other river city. To a poor man there are many advantages in this mode of living. The house-boat owner, of course, pays no rent, to escape the rent due to the water. His food consists chiefly of fish, at catching which he is an adept. He knows better than anybody else where to find the cat, the buffalo, the perch and the innumerable other fish. Drifted to serve him for fuel, and the dries, tobacco, spirits, and a few necessities are secured by an occasional day's labor as a 'longshoreman, roustabout or farm hand.

Frugal.

A wealthy, but most miserly old English farmer, went out one day to visit a daughter whom he had not seen for twenty years, and his visit gave him no pleasure because it cost "such a sight to git there," and there was before him the unrelenting necessity of spending the count of his fair home.

On his way home he was taken dangerously ill, and some of the sympathetic passengers began questioning him in regard to his home family, that a telegram might be sent to his friends, whereupon the old man, flashing a "no surren—der" look from his gray eyes, said:

"I ain't goin' to pay fer no telegram to nobody, an' I ain't goin' to pay it. These here dratted railroads charge double fare fer carryin' a corpse an' they don't git no double fare out o' me!"

And he died triumphant while they were carrying him from the world at his own station.

Thoughtlessness.

Farmer Simpson was an exceedingly mild-natured man, and would excuse for the shortcomings of his neighbors, for the faults of horses and, in fact, for every unpleasant thing that came in his way. He purchased a cow, and had her at difficulty in keeping her in pasture.

"She's the kind of a rovin' critter, she means well," he said, after talk of several miles in pursuit of her.

One morning he was milking the cow, when she began to kick viciously, upset the stool, sent the pail flying, and all the milk was spilled. The farmer got up, and contemplating the ruin, said gravely to a neighbor of the disaster:

"Well, now, that's the worst fault a cow has."

Then after a moment's meditation, feeling that perhaps he had been unnecessarily severe, he added:

"That is, if you call it a fault; nay—it's only thoughtlessness."

The American Axe.

All the world admires and worships at the American axe, because the American axe, fitted with that

ously curved and gracefully
ioned handle, is a marvelously
ed weapon, vastly more apt
s purposes than the straight-
-lled axe with which the Italian
trees, or the broad-faced hatch-
-ed for the same purpose in
ce. The American axe halves
st what might have been ex-
-ed of an inventive people laden
the duty of conquering and
-izing a forest-clad continent.
The world has been using the axe
prehistoric times, but it re-
-ed for the American pioneer: to
-ion the ideal axe handle, at
-light, strong and elastic. The
-uch as is familiar to all Amer-
- is rare in Europe, and it sells
- all the British colonies as the
-merican axe.—New York Sun.

A Plausible Story.
—Why are you wandering
and the country, I should like to
w, instead of staying at home
taking care of your family?
—ramp—You see, mum, my wife
a very good servant girl—a
lar jewel, mum.
that doesn't seem possible.
here never was but one perfect
and my wife had her, mum.
—ercy! What a lucky woman!
-es, mum, so my wife often said.
- you see, mum, my wife didn't
me.
-he didn't?
-o, mum. She said my wife
ld have to discharge her or me,
he discharged me.
-h, I see. Here's some money.
New York Weekly.

Reward of Virtue.
—t what ages does self-admiration
? Perhaps if aged people were
-erely frank, says the Youth's
-panion, they would have to tell
-r self-conceited grandchildren,
they asked this question, "You
-st ask some one older than we."
-randpa Brown is 82 and time
-not spared him. He is bald,
-ardless and wrinkled. The other
- his grandson, Tom, looked at
- long and steadily and said:
-Grandpa, when I get to be as old
-ou, shall I look as you do?"
-randpa beamed. "Oh, yes,
-mum," he answered; "you may,
-ou're good and take care of
-self all your life."

Speaking of Simulants.
—the summer season trade lan-
-shes and business is at a low
—What think you of the mer-
-ant who says "Let her languish,"
-es up his store and repairs to
-seaside? Such a course would
-be suicidal. It is an act of equal
-ty to sit idly by, bemoaning the
-times and awaiting the return
-prosperity. More flies than
-users will enter that man's doors.
-hen business lags apply the
-r. Advertising is the great
-stimulator.

Great Wealth.
—lady, apparently of great wealth,
-been for more than an hour
-sioning upon the unceasing en-
-ors of a patient saleswoman to
-with a ready made costume the
-ghter of the "shopper," a child
-bout eight years. The hope of
-ng one more sale to her day's
-buoyed the drooping spirits of
-saleswoman and made her inde-
-gible in her efforts to please,
-her hope was in vain, for her
-omer finally said, "Well, I will
-decide now, but I will return
-afternoon;" whereupon her
-d quickly remarked, "Why,
-mum, we won't have time to
-e back here and the nine other
-es where you've promised the
-e thing to-day."

Police Commissioner.—"McGobb,
-did it happen that you let a
-ing lunatic go around terroriz-
-ing people on our beat for a whole
-morn?" Officer McGobb—
-right, I thought he was some fell-
-in a lecture bet.—"Indianapo-
-Journal."

It Should be in Every House.
—B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharnburg,
-s his wife will not be without Dr.
-e's New Discovery for Consumption,
-coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife
-was threatened with Pneumonia after
-ntasted. "I am glad," says various
-good men and several physicians did
-go good. Robert Barber, of Cookeport,
-claims Dr. King's New Discovery has
-his more good than anything he
-used for Lung Trouble. Nothing
-it. Try it. Free Trial Bottle at
-Field & Co's Drug Store. Large
-en, 50c, and \$1.00.

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—his remedy is becoming so well known
-so popular, that it needs no special
-s. All who have used Electric Bit-
-rs sing the same song of praise. A
- medicine does not exist and it is
-ntended to do all that is claimed.
-ric Bitters will cure all diseases of
-iver and Kidneys, will remove
-all Rheum, Bolls, Salt Rheum and other af-
-ctions caused by impure blood. Will
-e Malaria from the system and pre-
-as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—
-cure of Headache, Constipation and
-ntention to do all that is claimed.
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-Price 50c, and \$1.00, per bottle at
-Field & Co's. Drug Store. 6

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-sores, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fov-
-e, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains,
-rains, and All Skin Eruptions, and pos-
-sures Piles, or No pay required. It
-guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction,
-money refunded. Price 50c per
-For sale by J. E. Field & Co.
-110491

the first symptoms of heart disease are
breath, fluttering, faint and hungry
s, pain in side, swollen ankles, tor-
-e, Thirst, Chapped Hands, Chilblains,
-rains, and All Skin Eruptions, and pos-
-sures Piles, or No pay required. It
-guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction,
-money refunded. Price 50c per
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